

Topeka State Journal

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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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What a lot of mature scalawags there would soon be in the world if the women should heed the rather general advice, emphasized by Evangelist Johnson the other evening, that they should not marry men to reform them.

If the Congressional Union for Women Suffrage, that is planning to organize the women of Kansas for the national suffrage campaign, will adopt the gracious methods that were pursued by the Kansas women in their crusade for their ballot rights, they are likely sooner to reach the goal of their endeavors.

In some Kansas localities, the temperatures on January 4 were as high as they were on last July 4. Unfortunately, though, they did not remain on the job so long.

And the easy money that is floating around—do—the pugilistic arena these days probably explains the threatened return to the game of Tommy Burns, an erstwhile heavyweight champion. Seldom has the picking in this country been so profitable for the pug, nor has there been more business for them. Only a comparatively short time back and the prophets were asserting that the Jeffries-Johnson go at Reno would sound the death-knell of pugilism in these United States.

Now comes the report that Willard and Moran are to get a \$10,000 bonus on the 75-25 basis for signing the agreement to fight for a \$60,000 purse. This suggests the possibility that the prize-fight promoters in this country are carrying on their transactions in Mexican paper money. Or maybe they use the same kind of money that is paid out so lavishly in salaries to some of the movie stars, press agent, or imagination money.

Should the plans of Senator Thompson carry, the federal government will establish a national game preserve of considerable proportions in western Kansas. And now the question is, as to what kind of Kansas game will find refuge in it, the dodger, the dinosaur, or the glaucous dinosaur. They're about as plentiful horsetails as any other variety of game.

How consoling are the government statistics which show that the cost of living was lower in last September than it was in the September of 1914, and especially at this time when the price of a dozen eggs, a pound of butter, and a pound of coffee cleans up a whole dollar, a hundred cents, in handy fashion, and a little more unless one's coffee taste is most plebeian.

Although the general impression probably is that Italy hasn't done very much in the war so far and has been of little or no assistance to her allies, an Italian report has it that the Austrian casualties inflicted by Italy, including the captured number 400,000, and that the Austrians are forcing the Italians now number fully 600,000 men. So this would mean that Italy has kept a full million of the Teutonic forces from the other battle fronts, which surely is no inconsiderable aid to the Entente Allies.

EUROPE STILL IN RING.

Figures recently issued by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, covering imports and exports of merchandise during the past three years, indicate that imports have been remarkably sustained in spite of the war abroad, points out the Iron Trade Review. It is evident, therefore, from the figures prepared by the department that the unprecedented balance of trade rolled up in 1915 is no sense-jettison, as would have been the case had imports diminished perceptibly. At the same time, the figures demonstrate that generally speaking, the ability of Europe and other foreign countries to engage in international

trade and export freely to the United States has been practically unimpaired by the war. The falling off in imports to the United States in 1915, as compared with 1914, amounts to only \$10,670,146 in a total of \$1,778,605,885, or less than six-tenths of 1 per cent. Compared with 1914, which marked the high tide in imports, the falling off is only eight-tenths of 1 per cent. These figures serve to emphasize the fact that the machinery of international trade has not been nearly as badly damaged by the war as many sensational writers would have us believe, and that in spite of the tremendous conflict raging abroad, the general affairs of mankind are moving largely along their accustomed channels.

THOSE BOOZE RECORDS.

Although the supreme court of Kansas has decreed that the records of the booze shipments into Kansas are public property and therefore open to public inspection, Mr. Oscar Swayze, the Shawnee county clerk, has taken unto himself the authority of deciding under what conditions these public records can be presented to the public. In other words, regardless of Mr. Swayze's assertions that these records in his office are open to inspection, they are, in fact, a sealed book for newspaper purposes. A newspaper reporter is merely permitted to see them if he will agree to print only what Mr. Swayze thinks should be published about them. And on diverse occasions, in interviews and in letters concerning these booze records, Mr. Swayze has defended his arbitrary position on the plea that possession of the details of these records might be used for the purposes of blackmail. He has also declared that the apparent purpose of publishing the details of these records is only to give a black eye to prohibition in Kansas, and that such facts about them as have been gathered have been distorted and exaggerated for this purpose. The Topeka State Journal has been interested in inspecting these records from time to time, but without much success because of the stand that Mr. Swayze has assumed, in its quest for what it considers legitimate news, and news that the supreme court of the state has formally declared to be legitimate. It is needless, almost, for the State Journal to refute any suggestion or intimation that it desires access to these records for the purposes of blackmail. This newspaper has been doing business with many Topekan for many years and is pretty well satisfied that its reputation with them is not that of a publication given to the pursuits of blackmail. Nor is it scarcely necessary, either, for the State Journal to deny that it wishes to publish such material as it might gather from the booze records for the purpose of giving Kansas a black eye. The Topeka State Journal, Mr. Swayze, the Topeka State Journal is a prohibitionist and believes in the righteousness of the principle of the prohibition propaganda. And its position on this score, both in Kansas and throughout the rest of the country, is so well known and secure that it is hardly necessary of reaffirming it. So the intimation that Mr. Swayze that access to the booze records in his keeping is denied only to possible blackmailers and those who are interested in hurting the cause of prohibition are as utterly groundless as far as the State Journal is concerned as they possibly could be.

BUSINESS ON THE BOOM.

"Home affairs are eminently satisfactory, politics and international relations," writes Henry Cleave, the New York banker, in his weekly financial review under date of February 5. "Were there no restraints, this country would probably be in the midst of a boom never equaled in extent or intensity. Undoubtedly it is good for us that some restraints do exist, because they will save us from the reaction that otherwise would be inevitable. We may therefore view the future with relative confidence, assured of business activity and prosperity, until the somewhat distant period of readjustment arrives which must come after the war. Since peace and the momentous changes which will follow are not yet in sight, we must still be largely affected by conditions at home, which as just said are highly favorable in contrast with those abroad. The big harvest and high prices for all agricultural products are making farmers and stockmen and south wonderfully prosperous. Our mines are busy and obtaining high prices for their products, coal prices being the only important exception. Our steel plants as every one knows are turning out the largest product on record at abnormally high prices, being often sold more than six months ahead. Our cotton and woolen mills are likewise enjoying greater activity and good prices; so too are our boot and shoe factories, automobile plants, chemical industries, etc. The building trades are experiencing a most pronounced recovery, including the captured number 400,000, and that the Austrians are forcing the Italians now number fully 600,000 men. So this would mean that Italy has kept a full million of the Teutonic forces from the other battle fronts, which surely is no inconsiderable aid to the Entente Allies.

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large and net results encouraging. The result is that current dividends are likely to be maintained, a few may be increased, as the roads are now better enabled to make increased outlays for equipment and roadbed. Vast outlays are still necessary, however, for improvement and terminal facilities—and this, it seems to me, is entitled at the present time to be encouraged by a more liberal government policy. There is one other business stimulant that should not be overlooked, and that is the plethora of loanable funds. Our banks are overburdened with funds which they cannot profitably employ. Hewin lies one of the greatest advantages; also one of the greatest dangers in the present situation. The greatest menace to our future is inflation that may leave us upon a dangerously high level unable to compete with Europe after the war. Fortunately the danger is appreciated by our bankers and capitalists who can prevent such a catastrophe by refusing aid to enterprises of a doubtful nature.

The chief uncertainty at home, outside of our foreign relations, is the continued agitation for preparedness, the prospects of new taxation, the revival of tariff agitation and the launching of the presidential campaign which was vigorously opened this week by Mr. Wilson. Our relations with Germany though strained are improving, but as long as the war continues there is danger of surprises, and as President Wilson pointed out no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Hence justification for a reasonable if not a liberal decree of preparedness; not forgetting that when this war is over none of the belligerents will be willing or able to attack the United States.

Journal Entries

Neither is there ever very much harmony in chin-music.

If you would kiss a friend never nod agreement when he is confessing a fault.

Being cheerful in misfortune is another fine thing that few people seem able to practice.

Chicken pie is generally conspicuous for the bulk of its crust and the scantiness of its filling.

Jayhawker Jots

As regards Mexico, observes the Saboteur, it is necessary to be the mother of invention.

Don't think because a woman is outspoken that she can be outtalked, advises the Galena Republican.

Some unusual facts prevailed at Caldwell recently. At any rate, the Caldwell News describes it as "gruesome, thrilling and grim."

As a recommendation for this long spell of fire weather, the Wellington Monitor Press hopes that the green bug, the Hessian fly and the locust, which are now plaguing him, now getting what is coming to them.

Related by the Holton Signal: George, the four-year-old grandson of a wealthy farmer, was playing with his father, came rushing into the house in a state of wild excitement. "Grandpa," he called, "Baron's cow is dead!"

How does it happen that some humorist hasn't hurled the Hyphenated-American charge at the several weekly newspapers in Kansas that cater to a part of their clientele by printing a couple of columns or so of it?

Rude but right. Two Seneca young ladies, tells the Seneca Courier-Democrat, were engaging in a rapid fire conversation during a recent musical at the Royal much to the annoyance of a young fellow directly in front who was trying his best to follow the performance. "Did you ever try listening to the music with your eyes shut?" said one of the young ladies to the other. "This time the young fellow ahead had lost his patience. He turned around and addressed her girls. And did you ever try listening to the music with your mouth shut?"

Observations by the Havensville Review: Being a pusher has its drawbacks. "The lion was the king of beasts until man learned to get drunk."

The person who always tells the truth will have a few disgruntled heads. There is only one road to heaven and no church has a private toll path.

It seems like getting an education is a very disagreeable thing, and so many getting to the front on nothing but their ball. . . . If you want to find out what a man thinks of himself read his advertisements. . . . If you want to know what others think of him, read the election returns.

A girl's notion of a successful career is to get married.

And a woman has until he marries her. Don't get too conceited, because some day a lizard will run over your grave.

Are you aging some when your favorite cold weather sport is sitting beside a cheerful fire.

Every time two church members quarrel, some third man send him to hell.

If you are thoroughly reliable don't let telling about it cut into your evenings a great deal.

The average man says a compliment doesn't stand for much but he usually "sticks around" for one.

It is hard to determine which is the crime in this country, committing a crime or getting caught at it.

Man learns slowly, but in time he comes to understand that a clove is a clew rather than a disguise.

Women have other foolish notions, but none of them, so far are available statistics show, wears side whiskers.

When a married woman picks out gifts for her kin, and for her husband's kin, her kin never gets the wrong of it.

The conversation is never as important as it seems when you can just hear the noise of it, but can't make out the words.

Suspicion is what hurts. Tell the truth about your business, and the weak spots in the institution probably will grow stronger.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY S. MOULTON.

Consolation.
When the world seems dark and gloomy, And you're feeling mighty blue, And you think that old Dame Fortune Has the Chinese curse on you, It will bring to you, if you wait, That the pessimist may scoff, To consider some poor fellow Who's a hundred times worse off.

Those Good Old Days.
Workmen recently uncovered the skeleton of a mammoth and while they were staking open-mouthed marvelling at the heroic size of the prehistoric monster, one of those long-whiskered boys who is always telling how cold it was during the winter of '46, horned his way into the crowd, took a look and said: "Yep, she was pretty hot when I was a boy down in old Vermont, Jeb Perkins, our nearest neighbor, had a cow bigger'n her."

This Maid Gives Excellent Advice.
A modern dude with narrow-striped clothes, sideburns, shows a loud necktie, hair parted over his nose, and smoking a cigar, addressed his best girl thus: "If you will wait a day, what would you do?" She unhesitatingly said, with a smile: "I would take off that hideous tie, put that cigar in the stove, part my hair on the side, then pray for brains."—Portland Review.

The saddest sight on earth is that of a widow who is foolish enough to buy a second husband with the money she saved by feeding her first husband on half portions and ragouts.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

The Intimate Man.
"Isn't he the most fascinating man?" raved the Authorman's Wife.

"Yes," said Molly, "he is; but I don't like him."

"Don't like him?" cried the Authorman's Wife. "He's a wonderful dancer and the most interesting talker, and he has wonderful manners, and you admit yourself he is fascinating."

Molly gave a little shrug. "All true," she admitted; "but I don't like him because I don't trust him. He's the kind of man it's fun to have around, but that it would be torture to be in love with, and double torture to be married to."

I wonder if you've ever met the man Molly is talking about. Of course I don't mean that particular man, but any one of the type.

He's the kind of man that I call the intimate man.

That is, he creates an atmosphere of intimacy between himself and any woman with whom he happens to be. If he meets you on the street, he'll come up and talk to you. He'll be the kind of man that I call the intimate man.

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THE QUESTION OF WHIN.

Oh, the man who is ready and facile of speech, Is the man who will dazzle the throng; And the things that he says attract attention will reach.

Like the words of a beautiful song, But life can't be tuned to a melody vast, Whatever the words he sings.

And we turn with a sense of dependence at last To the man who knows when to keep still.

The man who is eager and quick to reply To each question that time may present We force to admire—yet how often we sigh.

And return to our old discontent, The man with a courage and conscience devout.

May be lacking in eloquent thrills, But the man who knows when it is time to speak out.

Is the man who knows when to keep still, Is the man who knows when to keep still.

—Washington Star.

The Evening Story

White Acres.

(By Edwin Faxon.)

"I hope," shivered Kathleen, "that the corporation lawyer has a warmer coat than mine. This blue serge suit never was any too warm, and since the nap has worn off there isn't much left but the name."

A sense of humor did much to take the edge off a stinging wind, but in spite of her bravery tears welled up in her eyes. She had turned a corner and come in sight of the old house, desolate and deserted in the midst of a dreary late November landscape, and the house brought back recollections that were hard to bear. How her life had changed in the last year!

She looked around for some sign of another arrival, a car of some sort, or footprints in the light snow, but there was no sign of life about the place. Kathleen turned a key in the front door and pushed it open. The furniture had been removed, and the carpetless, curtainless rooms seemed like sepulchres of good times that were gone.

"I believe I'll wait outside after all," she faltered. "He ought to be here soon, and the house is unbearable. There! I believe I hear a machine now!"

A touring car stopped at the gate and a man got out. "Miss Lowell, I believe," he said, "I have been waiting for you."

"Yes," she answered abruptly. He came up to the veranda beside her. "I am Horace Davidson, and I represent the Burlington & Harwell Road. But I've no doubt you have already guessed my identity. I'm sorry if I kept you waiting. We had a blow-out. Deceitfully cold, isn't it? Shall we go inside?"

"It is colder in there. Besides, our business is outside, I believe." The wind was screaming so he had to stand quite close to catch her words. "An uncommonly pretty girl by Jove," he said to himself. "Not a bad little thing, either."

"What a lovely girl," he said to himself. "Not a bad little thing, either."

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household in tissue paper. Oils and all medicines may be packed safely.

This is also an excellent plan for carrying bottles of milk to feed a baby.

The Table.
Nut-Filled Apples—Five apples, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of butter, one-half dozen walnuts. Peel apples and core carefully without breaking, then fill with sugar, place a small piece of butter on top of each one, pour around apples in pan one-half cup of water, bake in a moderate oven, then fill center with nuts that have been

Drop Dumplings—One egg, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon baking powder, flour to make a drop batter, a little salt. Beat the egg and add the milk, then the flour with baking powder and salt sifted together; drop by spoonfuls on the beef and juice and boil ten minutes without raising the lid. Add more water if necessary; keep dumplings from scorching. Serve at once.

Mock Fried Oysters—Take the mashed "salties" reserved from the soup, add two beaten eggs, two spoonfuls of cream or melted butter, salt and pepper, make in cakes and fry in deep fat. When done, serve with a nice dressing. Serve white piping hot. These are delicious and taste considerably like real oysters.

When traveling it is often necessary to carry bottles of medicine. Press the cork in securely and dip each bottle in melted paraffin half way down the neck, then wrap each

Additional evidence concerning the proverbial "nine lives" of a cat has been furnished by an incident which occurred in Hartington, Neb., one day last week, and which is vouched for by the most reliable witnesses. A kitten at the Great Northern mills climbed into the inside rim of the big fly wheel and fell asleep. The engineer did not notice the kitten when he started the engine in the morning and for nine consecutive hours the little creature held in its perilous position by centrifugal force, was whirled round and round on the giant fly wheel at the rate of nine revolutions a minute. It was still alive when evening came and the engine was stopped for the night. The kitten traversed the circumference of the wheel 48,600 times at lightning speed. Although alive, the kitten was in a stunned condition and was unable to stand on its feet, but a little nursing on the part of the mill men revived it and it is now as well as ever.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
Even the dog fancier can't always curtail his expenses.

Queer thing about a bill. It will run long before you foot it up.

Many a girl makes up her mind to change her name, and then changes her mind.

The one man who always carries out what he undertakes is the undertaker.

Treat some people with freezing politeness and they will at once get hot about it.

The fellow who has a habit of making a fool of himself is never lacking in opportunities.

Blobs—"I tell you, that girl is a wire. She'll introduce me. I want to be shocked."

You never can tell. Many a man thinks he's an ace when he is really only a two-spot slightly damaged by a remote corner of the great house, where he had a vague idea the sewing room was. An open door through which a light shone and the faint whirr of a machine were his guides, and he soon found himself watching a girl, her head and shoulders bent over the machine, a dark island in billows upon billows of snowy white stuff.

"She's a beauty," said Horace. "The girl stopped and the girl looked around. It was Kathleen Lowell. She sprang up, instantly recognizing him. "Dave! Dave! How you startled me! We are not used to men here, you see. Won't you sit down?"

Thank you, Miss Lowell. We seem destined to meet in white acres, at

breaze to blow you to the sky. The light stays there much longer than on earth, and there you can work and play for an hour or two before the breeze blows you away. Glint looked at each other. "Why didn't we think of that before?" they asked themselves. "We do that very thing to-morrow."

"I know it," agreed Glint, who was also folding up her things. "I know it," agreed Glint, who was also folding up her things. "I know it," agreed Glint, who was also folding up her things.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the tree fairy pleasantly.

Every night, after that when the tired old mother sun slipped down to warder, her mother the sunbeam fairies begged a ride of the nearest breeze and blew up to the sky. And there they worked and there they played many, many minutes after the sun had gone to sleep.

And do you know, that's the reason why the winter sunset skies are so bright and beautiful—they are full of sunbeam fairies who are having a last good play before dark.—(Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)